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Bluebeard [Poem]
Author(s): John N. Morris
Source: *The Sewanee Review*, Vol. 68, No. 2 (Apr. - Jun., 1960), p. 294
Published by: The Johns Hopkins University Press
Stable URL: http://www.jstor.org/stable/27540579
Accessed: 20-03-2016 06:18 UTC

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TWO POEMS

By JOHN N. MORRIS

I. THE CHINA PLATE

Art is in spite of the world.
In the spring wind I walked
And had some easy part in it.
The air fit me as the world the mind.

In my several senses
I was stopped
And dark to myself,
The world many at my doors.

But across the china plate the chinamen
Were riding to some purpose.
Even at the gates of sleep
The king's business does not end.

II. BLUEBEARD

The entry into darkness
Was dangerously free.
Still at my waist there dangles
The red, accusing key.

Impossibly, salvation,
Though with immortal force,
Perpetually thunders
At the remotest doors.

But far within, forever
I issue strict commands
And do my execution
With blunt, accustomed hands.

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